

THE
FUNERAL

A
POEM,

In MEMORY of the late

Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

By *Arthur d'Anvers*, L. L. B. Chaplain to His Excellency the Lord
Carteret, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

*Ducunt et Rutulo perfusos Sanguine Currus.
Post Bellator equus positus insignibus Æthon
It lacrymans, guttisq; hinc etat grandibus Ora.
Hastam alij galeamq; ferunt—
—tum mæsta Phalanx Teucricq; sequuntur
Tyrrheniq; Duces, et versis Arcades armis.
—Salve Æternum mihi, maxime Palla,
Æternumq; vale.*

VIRG.

DUBLIN:

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Essex-street, 1725.

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OF
M^r

IN MEMORY OF THE
DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

By J. H. B. ...
... to H. B. ...
... of ...



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VIRG.

Printed by ...
... in ...

THE PREFACE.



Will not offer at an Apology, for writing a Poem, as tho' it were inconsistent with the Gravity of my Function, since I have so great a Precedent as the late Bishop *Smalldridge*, who deemed it not beneath the Dignity of his *Episcopal Character*, to amuse himself this way; for that great Prelate wrote a Poem on the Death of His Royal Mistress, the late Queen *ANNE*.

And the Design of the ensuing Poem, (by me composed above two Years since, except a few Incidents towards the latter End of it, since added, and then designed for the Press,) will less need an Apology; it being to complement the Memory of the most consummate General, perhaps any Age produced: Whose Heroick Exploits, and uninterrupted Successes abroad, for many Years together, not only preserved the Balance of *Europe*, but made *Great Britain* the Praise and Envy of all Nations. And in the Conduct of the Poem, to enspire my Readers with firm Attachment of Loyalty to his sacred Majesty King *GEORGE*, in those then degenerate Times of Defection and Treason, against a King, whose unparalleled Mercy might have disabled the most sanguinary, and renowned Courage, daunted the most desperate Traitors.

Some Gentlemen of the Army, and others, (whom I think improper to name without their special Leave) were for encouraging the Printing this Poem by Subscription, to whom I had submitted the Perusal of it when it was first writ: But I rather think, the favourable Judgment which they passed upon the Composition, was rather owing to their Regard for the Memory of *the Great Hero*, who is the Subject of it, than to the intrinsic Merit of the Poem.

For I foresee the Criticks will remark upon me, that the late ingenious *Mr. Addison* takes up too much Room in
the

The P R E F A C E.

the Poem: But, as in the Contraste between him and the Duke of *Marlbro*, the Poet and the Hero serve mutually as Foils, to set off each other; it is the more excusable, if in this Particular, I have intrenched upon the Unity of Action; especially, as I never once lose sight of the main Hero; but have rather raised him to the strongest Point of Light, by all that is said of Mr. *Addison*; save only in those few Lines which relate to Mr. *Tickle*; in which I own my Hero is quite drop'd: And therefore may rather seem a short Episode, than Part of the main Body of the Poem.

The Digression to the late Duke of *Bolton's* Elegy, may be deemed a greater Incongruity: Yet the Hint seems natural, and the Transition to it easy, but as I had the Honour to be one of His Grace's Chaplains for several Years, and, under God, to owe my Livings, first in *England*, and now lately in *Ireland*, to his own immediate Bounty; or to the King, who granted me his Royal Warrant to hold two Livings in *England*, without Distance, which I enjoyed for many Years, thro' his Grace's Favour, (perhaps the only singular Instance of that Nature since the *Revolution*:) I hope I may be indulged a while to mourn for my late generous Patron, and to console with his noble Widow, (whose Accomplishments surpass all Panegyrick!) especially since the Motto of my Poem is, — *The FUNERAL*.

If the Criticks shou'd object, that some remote Incidents, in Point of Time, are brought together, let them remember the Episode of *Dido* and *Æneas* in *Virgil*, who, tho' living three hundred Years asunder, are introduced as Co-tempories by Poetical Licence; and their Amours make the most compleat, beautiful, and entertaining Part of the whole *Æneid*.

I shall only add, as a Divine, but to desire that Offence may not be taken at my frequent Allusions in the Poem, to the Heathen Theology, being the established Embellishments of Poetry, and, I believe, harmless under that View. In which alone View of Poetical Ornament to prevent invidious Cavil, I profess my Use of them throughout the ensuing Poem.

T H E

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MARLBOROUGH.



NOT Rival Chiefs engag'd in bloody Strife,
And for the Love of Glory spilling Life;
Not daring Marches o'er the *Alps* that rise
With tow'ring Tops of Snow above the Skies;
Not Rivers swell'd with Blood and choak'd with slain,
Not Kingdoms conquer'd in one bright Campaign;
Not num'rous Hosts in Field of Battle join'd,
Nor Cities storm'd, are imag'd to my Mind.
Those lofty Themes to happier Bards belong,
The Pomp of Death's the Subject of my Song.
While other Bards with sprightlier Notions glow,
My Muse assumes the solemn Weeds of Woe,
My weeping Muse attempts in humble Verse
To sing a Hero laid up in his Hearse.

The Man whose Sword heap'd Mountains of the Slain,
Who fought in ten Campaigns for Death in vain,
Who first the Fight provok'd, and scal'd the Wall,
Who never fear'd a Sword, nor shun'd a Ball.
That Hero now in yonder Hearse lies dead,
Not slain in Battle, but surpriz'd in Bed.
The King of Terrors gave, by Stealth, the Blow,
For *Marlbro'* could not fear an open Foe.
Begin my Muse, and for the Leader mourn;
Lo! *Marlbro'* now in solemn Pomp is born!

Not

Nor is the Hero in gay Triumph bore
 For Battles bravely won as heretofore ;
 But to the Grave ; to see the Field no more.
 Not flying Colours now his March adorn,
 But Standards (won in Field of Battle) torn !
 Not the shrill Trumpet's martial Sound prepare,
 Nor sprightly beat the Drums to urge the War ;
 But mourning Drums and Trumpets now are found,
 To mix a cheerless and a doleful Sound ;
 As if they did this Hero's Death deplore,
 And meant to speak the Voice of War no more.
 His Sword for ever to the Peace is bound,
 Which never struck without a mortal Wound,
 Nor does as wont his Courser paw the Ground,
 (When the fierce Beast perceiv'd the destin'd Blow,
 And burn'd to bear his Rider on the Foe :)
 But moves along with slow and solemn Pace,
 As if he felt his Master's hapless Case :
 Nor do rich Trappings grace the generous Steed
 Becoming his high Courage, Birth, and Speed ;
 But deck'd in Sable Weeds, which sweep the Ground,
 He seems in Tears of real Sorrow drown'd.

The Chiefs and Soldiers that were wont t' attend
 This Hero to the Fight with Sword in Hand,
 Inspir'd by his Example and Command.
 With Arms inverted follow to the Grave,
 As if forgetting to be bold and brave,
 Since He is gone who first their Courage fir'd,
 And Love of Glory scorning Death inspir'd.

The sparing Muse intends not to relate
 The solemn Pomp and Order of the Great,
 Who for the deceas'd Hero mourn'd in State.
 Nor means on Things of lesser Note to dwell,
 Nor will the Number of their Coaches tell ;
 Nor will she mention who held up the Pall,
 Or who the Mourners at the Funeral.
 At length the Corpse with slow Procession's brought,
 In *Henry's* Chapel to the Royal Vau't.
 Lo! here this Hero in his Grave is laid ;
 And all his Titles by the Herald read ;
 As the last Honour to his Merit paid.
 And lo! the doleful Herald breaks his Rod,
 While on the Hero's Tomb fresh Flowers are strow'd.
 Thus *Marlbro's* left among our Kings to sleep,
 (Who rather chose to save a Crown, than keep !)
 Where the seventh *Henry* chose to end his Toils,
 Perplex'd like *GEORGE*, tho' not o'ercome with Broils.

And

And now the Pomp in silent Grief return,
The greatest Hero of the World to mourn.

Let *Rome* boast *Cæsar*, *Greece* boast *Philip's* Son!
Britannia's *Marlbro'* has the Two out-shone.
Their Passions did those Conquerors subdue:
His Foes he conquer'd, and his Passions too.
Ambition was the Spring that urg'd them on:
He conquer'd not to win, but save a Throne.
By lawless Might they into Monarchs grew;
An Emperor's Safety to his Sword was due:
And tho' his Head sustain'd a Princely Crown;
'Twas Gratitude, not Rapin, put it on,
They fought, and conquer'd but the World, t'enslave:
He fought for Freedom, which he conquer'ing gave.
The *Grecian* Youth desir'd more Worlds t'enthral:
The *Briton*, were there more, had free'd them all.
When *Cæsar* pass'd the famous *Rubicon*,
Rome was enslav'd by that unnat'ral Son:
If *Britain's* Freedom was in fear to die,
'Twas when his Mistress laid great *Marlbro'* by;
And Liberty, which in his Absence mourn'd,
Reviv'd again when he with *GEORGE* return'd.
As oft as *Marlbro'* drew his flaming Sword,
Conquest th' Effect, and Freedom! was the Word.
No Realm shall rival *Britain* in Renown,
Which once could call so brave a Man her own.
Nor *Cæsar* may, nor *Alexander* vie
With him who conquer'd still for *English* Liberty.
They fought while th' Art of War was yet unknown:
He conquer'd when it was a Science grown.
That *Greek*, and *Roman*, might disdain to fear
The feather'd Arrow, or the pointed Spear:
But thund'ring Cannons had they Souls to brave,
From which nor Strength, nor Stratagem, can save?
But *Marlbro'*, *Britain's* God-like General,
In Lightning plung'd, and fac'd the coming Ball,
Not knowing how to fear! not caring when to fall.

He had the greatest Soul! the boldest Hand!
Nor Walls, nor Numbers, could his Force withstand.
Dreaded alike by cowering *France* and *Spain*,
He still recross'd with Victory the Main,
Nor ever drew his matchless Sword in vain!

He seem'd a Species above human Kind,
Of greater Might, and of an higher Mind.
As, when the Gods the Fall of *Troy* conspir'd,
And with their Presence all the Battle fir'd,
When *Pallas* with her Spear, and *Gorgon* Shield,
Scar'd all the Host, and thunder'd thro' the Field;

When

When she ascended bold *Titide's* Car,
 And urg'd that Chief to fight the God of War,
 And drove into his Groin the Hero's rushing Spear:
Mars bell'wing fled, and own'd himself o'erpowr'd,
 And made both Armies tremble, as he roar'd.
 Such! or more terrible, Great *Churchill* rode,
 When he at *Hockstet* fought, and lookt a God!
 When like a Whirlwind he Destruction wrought,
 And swift as that thro' all the Army fought!
 When All, who durst the furious Chief engage,
 Or bleeding own'd his Might, or fighting shun'd his Rage!
 Nor with less Strength, and Courage than Divine,
 He leap'd the gaping Trench, and forc'd the mighty Line!
 To make him act so great, and bold a Part,
Pallas must cool his Head, that fir'd his Heart.

Such was the Man whom *Addison* wou'd chuse
 To make the Heroe of his matchless Muse.
 This Hero did unto that Muse belong,
 The greatest Hero to the sweetest Song.
 The Love of Liberty, that Bard inspir'd!
 The Love of Liberty this Hero fir'd!
 With such a Spirit as that Poet wrote,
 With such a Spirit this bold Hero fought.
 This Hero, living, read that Bard's Campaign,
 And reading, fought his Battles o'er again,
 Reforc'd the Lines! retook strong Cities! and rekill'd the Slain.
 He felt his Image in the Page Divine,
 He felt his Spirit glow in ev'ry Line!
 He felt the haughty *Gaul* to dread his Rage,
 And from his Sword his Downfal to presage.
 He felt the God-like Feats he once perform'd,
 The Armies vanquish't! and the Cities storm'd!
 And trembling *Lewis* at *Versailles* alarm'd.
 He felt the *British* Glory blazing in its Noon,
 While He, their Gen'ral, led the *Britons* on,
 And ev'ry Battle gain'd, and carried ev'ry Town.

Had *ANNA* gracious still to *Churchill* been,
 As when that Poet wrote his bright Campaign;
 As when the Senate thank'd this Laurel'd Chief,
 And in his Praise was all the Nation's Strife;
 When *Woodstock* by his Mistress was confer'd,
 And by the People deem'd a due Reward:
 She then the Wonder of the World had been,
 She then had liv'd, and died, a glorious, matchless Queen!
 She then had call'd the future Age her own!
 And rival'd, or outstrip'd *Eliza* in Renown;
 Her Honour then had been without a Stain,
 And Her's been justly stil'd — *The Glorious Female Reign!*

But

But when she chang'd her Smiles into a Frown,
 And made Her Chief to lay his Truncheon down,
 She sullied, oh! *Britannia's* Glory and her own!
 While each brave *Briton* was with Sorrow stung,
 To see their *Champion* suffer such a Wrong;
 The humbled *Gaul* within rejoic'd, and sneer'd,
 To see displac'd the Leader whom alone he fear'd.
 He gives his tow'ring Thoughts the Loose again,
 And now resumes the Hope of boundless Reign.

As a grim Lion, of the *Libyan* Kind,
 Which had in massy Chains been long confin'd,
 And was by Blows compell'd to yield to Law,
 And by his sturdy Keeper kept in Awe:
 If he shou'd chance to quit his pondrous Chain,
 And by his Keeper's Death his Liberty regain;
 The Gen'rous Royal Beast begins to roar,
 And lash his Sides; and stands in Awe no more.
 He strait forgets that ever he was cow'd,
 And in his Thoughts grows Tyrant of the Wood.

Dismiss'd, retires great *Marlbro'* in Disdain:
 Yet leaving, pities the deluded Queen;
 And, shuning Faction, crosses o'er the Main.
 When *Marlbro'* cross'd the Ocean heretofore,
 Joy staid behind! and Terror flew before,
 And the World trembled on the further Shore!
 The *Britons* joy'd of Victory secur'd,
 As oft as *Marlbro'* wou'd unsheath his Sword!
 His Foes still trembled at approaching Death,
 Which follow'd if he did his Sword unsheath.
 Disarm'd great *Marlbro'* now no longer frights:
 (A Hero's dreadful only when he fights.)
 Sound, fearless, sleeps the New-made *Gallick* Bride,
 Who safe enjoys her Husband by her Side!
 She soundly sleeps! nor has she ought to fear,
 Since *Marlbro'* is disbanded from the War,
 Whose very Name did, more than Armies, scare.

Tho' scorning Fear, yet he from Envy flies,
 To open *Brunswick's* unsuspecting Eyes,
 And point out Traitors lurking in Disguise.
 His Counsels thus the glorious Cause maintain'd,
 Which his keen Sword no longer must defend.
 But from that Moment *Marlbro'* leaves the Queen,
 Eclips'd the *British* Glory shall remain.
 Nor will that Glory shine out as before,
 'Till *George* and *Marlbro'* reach the *British* Shore,
 'Till *George* shall reign, and *Anna* be no more.

But then! shall blaze out with Meridian Light,
And like the Summer-Sun grow strong and bright,
And never will admit another gloomy Night.

Mean while, upon this guiltless Chief's Disgrace,
The Love of sacred Liberty shall cease,
And abject slavish Schemes at Court take place.
The brave Allies shall be betray'd for Gold,
And by the conquer'd Peace not bought, but sold.
Yet some bold Patriots shall that Cause maintain;
Steele for that Cause shall draw his manly Pen,
And by his *Crisis* envy'd Glory gain.
How do's his pleaded Sense and Courage shine,
While he asserts the *Hanoverian* Line?
How are we touch'd with his Pathetick Strain,
While for the *Catalans* he do's complain,
And draws our Tears for them, but draws them oh! in vain!
'Tis hard to tell if more their Fate we mourn,
Or if their base Deserters more we scorn.
How do's his Eloquence shake *Dunkirk's* Walls,
By Mines not sap'd, not breach'd by Cannon Balls?
Then each true *Briton* must Compassion feel,
To see with falling *Dunkirk* falling *Steele*.
'Tis hard to say, if more his Speech we priz'd,
Or those who silenc'd him we more despis'd.
Yet now that factious Spite and Pow'r are past,
We see the Merit of that Patriot last,
And circling Glory round his Labours cast.
To *Steele* we owe the Manners of the Age:
To him we owe the Chastness of the Stage.
O! cou'd my Muse the Fame he merits give!
But *Steele* in *George's* Character shall live!
And in his *Conscious Lovers* latest Time survive.

The *English* Bard, who wrote the great Campaign,
And sung of *Churchill* in a God-like Strain;
Shall raise his Buskin'd *Romans* from the Dead,
The Cause of dying Liberty to plead,
And, to shame *British* Slaves, make Divine *Cato* bleed.
What greater Glory cou'd these Two receive?
What greater Pleasure cou'd they take and give?
This Hero's Acts suppli'd that Poet's Thought:
One sweetly sung, what th' other God-like fought.
This Hero drew his Sword; that Bard his Pen,
The glorious Cause of Freedom to maintain,
And neither drew the Sword, or Pen, in vain.
That Poet sung this Hero's deathless Praise,
The Hero living did approve the Lays:

And

And both enjoy'd this mutual Happiness,
This praising best; That best deserving Praise.

But oh! These *Genij*, whom the World ador'd
For the best Pen, and for the keenest Sword.
Whose Wit, and Valour, were so late admir'd,
Are now *alas!* from among Men retir'd.
That Bard, whose Pen could give immortal Fame,
Lives now in nothing but a glorious Name.
His sublime Notions, and fine Thoughts are fled,
Which he so easy writ, and we so eager read,
And *Addison* now lies among th' Unthinking Dead.
Yet O! methinks the Bard revives again
In his own *Tickle's* never dying Strain.
For thee what Tears do from thy *Tickle* flow?
For thee what Grief! what Friendship does he show?
In what strong Colours, *Tickle*, dost thou paint
That living Patriot! and that dying Saint!
Nor does the very Grave break off thy View,
But still thy *Addison* thou dost pursue,
And to his fleeting Spirit hast assign'd
A Province worthy of so great a Mind,
Still to regard the Good of Human-kind.

This Hero, who fac'd Death in ev'ry Form,
Who slaughter'd Hosts, and strongest Cities storm'd;
Upon whose Sword the Fate of Empires stood,
Alas! to Death's all-conqu'ring Scepter bow'd;
And what of him and his Exploits remain,
Live now but by the Pencil, or the Pen,
In *Kneller's* Draughts or *Addison's* Campaign.
But *Marlbro's* Name and Glory shall survive
As long as Colours, or as Ink can live.
His Godlike Deeds in Ages yet to come,
Or shall be limn'd, or woven in the Loom,
To please the gazing Eye, and grace the stately Room.
And young Commanders, as they shall behold
This Hero still victorious, shall grow great and bold.
The Picture shall their future Conduct form,
Instruct their Heads, and make their Spirits warm,
And teach them how to fight, and how to storm;
Make them expert in ev'ry martial Art,
To act the Leader's, and the Soldier's Part.
They'll learn from *Marlbro'* to despise all odds,
Trusting a righteous Cause unto the fav'ring Gods.

O! wretched Fate of Mortals that are born,
That they must all to native Dust return,
And lie promiscuous in one common Urn.

That

That *Marlbro'* and *Addison* shou'd yield to Death,
And hold their mighty Souls by common Breath,

But hence! ye vulgar 'Plaints, and Thoughts profane!
We mourn their breathless Bodies, not the deathless Men.
Tho' Death that grosser Part of them must have,
Immortal are their Souls, and spurn the Grave.
This God-like Hero and that matchless Bard
Tho' lost to us, are to the Stars preferr'd,
And for their Love of Liberty enjoy their due Reward.
Methinks! I see some condescending God
Smiling, resume those Souls which they bestow'd
For Mankind's Pleasure, and for Mankind's Good.
Methinks! I see the heav'nly Host to throng,
And gaze upon them as they pass along,
And welcome their Arrival with a blissful Song.

Lo! *Addison* transported joins the Choir,
And while he sings the list'ning Hosts admire!
They listen, for a while, to him alone,
Wond'ring to hear themselves to be out-done,
Wond'ring to hear in Heav'n a more seraphic Tune.
They wonder! but not envy, at his Voice,
For still the Bless'd at Others Good rejoice.
Lo! now I see by *Maro's* awful Shade,
A Compliment to *Addison* is paid,
And for him Room 'twixt him and *Homer* made.
Mark! *Homer* too puts on a solemn Smile,
To greet the *Genius* of the *British* Isle.
In whom they find, with Wonder, to conspire
Both *Virgil's* Majesty, and *Homer's* Fire
To make the *Briton* perfect and entire.
Who had, of Both, in this Respect, the odds,
That he lov'd Virtue, and rever'd the Gods;
Nor one loose Image, or one Thought profane,
Scap'd ever from his chaste and holy Pen.

Stern, like a Warrior, *Marlbro'* first appears,
But milder grows as he attentive hears
The Anthems of the Bless'd, and Music of the Spheres.
In soft Celestial Music's melting Charms
I see him lose the dreadful Thoughts of Arms.
He now relents the shedding human Blood,
But that he saw 'twas for his Country's Good.
Sees! 'twas expedient some be made to die
For such a Public Good as sacred Liberty.
Lo! with what Rapture does great *Nassau* meet
The Shade of *Marlbro'*, whom he burns to greet!
And raise the Hero prostrate at his Feet!

In

In mutual close Embraces are they warm'd,
 So loves the King the Hero whom he form'd !
 So joys to meet a Soul so like his Own,
 Who still the Cause of Freedom carry'd on,
 And crown'd the glorious Work *Nassau* begun.
Nassau with Transport is by *Marlbro'* told
 That glorious *George* does now the Scepter hold ;
 Who's early Worth was unto *William* known,
 And deem'd deserving of *Britannia's* Crown.
 But *Britain* more than *George* to *William* ow'd,
 Who such a Gift on such a Prince bestow'd,
 To *George* for Trouble ! but to them for Good.
 For unto *Nassau Marlbro'* still complains
 Some *Britons* madly are in love with Chains ;
 And rather wou'd endure a Tyrant's Yoke,
 Than *George's* righteous gentle Scepter brook !
 The like Disgust, O *William*, heretofore
 To thee, their great Deliverer, they bore.
 O *Britons* ! how are ye by Fury driv'n ?
 Depriv'd of Reason ! and forsook of Heav'n !
 O yet be wise ! and your mad Treasons cease !
 Retrieve your Reason ! and return to Peace.
 How can you aim at *George* a trait'rous Stroke,
 When he forgives as fast as ye provoke ?
 What Heart can stab that looks him in the Face
 Where Mercy reigns with ev'ry Royal Grace ?
 Urge not too far a wretched desp'rate Cause ;
 Tho' *George* be mild, yet dread the angry Laws.
James, whom ye'd serve, and *George* whom ye'd oppose,
 Are neither equal Friends, nor equal Foes.
 Your darling *James*, already has been try'd,
 Without Success, or Courage of his Side ;
 For tho' he had a triple Crown in Sight,
 The *Dastard* fled ; nor durst sustain the Fight.
 So *Venus*, coming to *Aeneas* aid,
 When wounded by the Hand of *Diomede* ;
 The Goddess frighted, durst not stand the Fray,
 But shrieking, dropt her Son, and run away ;
Jove smiling, stroak'd her Cheeks, and wip'd her Tears,
 And told her, she was form'd for softer Wars.
 Not so is Royal *George*, with Lawrels crown'd,
 And for his Feats in Arms thro' all the World renown'd.
 Let Superstition dread his conqu'ring Steel,
 Which th' Infidel erst while was taught to feel !
George stop'd the House of *Bourbon's* mad Carreer,
 And *Austria's* Sons learn'd all the Art of War.
 Shall puny Rebels such a Monarch brave,
 And snatch the Crown th' inviting Nation gave.

No ! *George*, tho' merciful, provok'd, is brave,
 And can, in Arms, destroy, whom he had rather save.
 In Council cool, in Action he is warm,
 Wise to direct, and active to perform,
 Like gentle Winds, which, rows'd, become a furious Storm !
George is the Champion of the *British* Isle,
 The Name of *George*, *Britannia's* Foes shall foil :
 The Father's Spirit in his Off-spring glows,
 The Royal Prince an equal Ardor shews,
 And either *George* shall trample all their Foes !
 Nor shall that Royal Pair, the Sire and Son,
 Stand in the Cause of Liberty alone.
 Tho' some with slavish Notions are possess'd,
 Yet *Marlbro's* Pattern has inspir'd the rest,
 And Freedom glows in each true *Briton's* Breast.

Cadogan ! still to living *Marlbro*' dear,
 Succeeds him, taught in ev'ry Art of War ;
 This Leader in his Master's Steps pursues,
 A Dread to Foreign, and Domestick Foes !
 His gen'rous Soul all slavish Thoughts disdains :
 And threatens Rebels with inglorious Chains.

If Rebels stir ! let *Wills* his Sword but draw,
 And *Preston's* Fate shall keep them still in Awe ;
 Nor may they hope to 'scape his furious Blade,
 While trusty *Carpenter* can lend his Aid.

The *Highland Clans* wou'd 'tempt to rise in vain,
 If they forget the Battle of *Dunblain*,
 Fierce *Argyle* burns to rout them o'er again.

Bolton, aspiring unto *Wiltshire's* Fame,
 Detests a Traitor's, and a Rebel's Name.
 The Love of Loyalty his Coat adorns !
 The Love of Loyalty his Bosom warms !
 His * Daggers strike with an unerring Blow,
 A secret Traitor, or an open Foe.
George well has grac'd him with the loyal Star ;
 That Honour does to *Bolton's* Name adhere,
 The Son now wears it, as his Sire did wear !
 But oh ! while I his Sire's dear Name rehearse,
 My swelling Eyes gush out a Flood of Tears.
 While I the Son's encreasing Worth admire,
 I may lament the *Exit* of the Sire.
 The grateful Bard can only now commend
 That stanchest Patriot once his truest Friend.

* * He bears Three Daggers.

The grateful Bard in Anguish may deplore,
 That truest Friend and Patron is no more!
 These Tears are (O lamented Shade!) your Due:
 For you these Tears with true Concern do flow!
 'Tis all I can discharge, of all I owe!
 Ev'n Royal George for *Bolton* sheds a Tear!
 To George and *William*, *Bolton* still was dear!
 And now he's *Marlbro's* and *Nassau's* Compeer.
 I see, condoling, his fair Widow mourn;
 Her very Weeds the matchless Fair adorn;
 And Sorrow triumphs when by her 'tis worn.
 She seems in Black, with Tears of Sorrow wet,
A Venus rising from a Sea of Jet.
 O too profuse in Grief! Thy Tears forbear!
 Thy *Bolton* lives, while thy *Nassau* is here,
 Good! like his Father; like his Mother, fair!
 While *Nassau* draws for George his gallant Sword,
 The Name of *Nassau* is-- th' inspiring Word.

Nor shall young *Blandford* pass without his Praise;
 Sacred to *Marlbro's* Race are these my Lays.
 Lo! the Youth rises to his Grandfire's Fame!
 And future Deeds shall equal Worth proclaim!
 Lo! grateful *Charles*, his growing Merit owns,
 And, as his Grandfire, Prince of th' Empire crowns,
 For him in foreign Lands are growing Bays!
 And George may see his future Victories.
 And equal Merit crown with equal Gifts and Praise.

While these employ the Sword in George's Cause,
 And are victorious still with due Applause;
 The *British* * Senate shall with Scorn disclaim,
 To George attach'd, a bold Pretender's Name:
 And his Abettors spurn! and brand with Shame.
 No Plots can scape sagacious *Townshend* long!
 And Traitors Bane's in *Walpole's* flowing Tongue.
Hibernia's Peace from Traitors stands secur'd,
 While Loyal *Grafton* holds *Hibernia's* Sword.
Grafton, who like his Father dares to die,
 For Royal George, and glorious Liberty.

Lo! *Grafton* yields to *Carteret* his Place:
 Muse! turn thy Verse to courtly *Carteret's* Praise,
 By Nature form'd at once to rule, and please!
 For thee, O *Carteret*, how does *Oxford* bow,
 And own her Arts, and Letters all in You?

* *Vide* Their Address to the King, 1722.

In foreign Courts, O! with what just Applause,
 Didst thou advance thy own *Britannia's* Cause?
 Let *Sweden* speak, tho' *Sweden* saw thee young!
 What strong Persuasion issues from thy Tongue?
Hibernia too (of late to Murm'ring prone!)
 Does, grateful, thy superior Genius own,
 And at thy Feet lays all her Murm'rings down.
 All Factions have dismiss'd their former Hate!
 And deem their Satety under thee complete.
 As when the *Greeks* to warm Debate arose,
 And from fierce Words began to threaten Blows;
Nestor, the sage, did but the Chiefs address,
 Their Jarrs were hush'd! and all again was Peace.
 His Wisdom kept the murm'ring *Greeks* in Awe!
 And what flow'd from his Silver Tongue was Law,
 The Interest of *Greece* the Sage secur'd,
 And *Troy* fell rather by the Tongue than Sword.

With these the sacred * Synod too shall join,
 To shew their Zeal against the Popish Line:
 They shall the Pope's encreasing Progress dread;
 And Idols spurn; while *Wake* is at their Head.
 To GOD alone in Worship shall they bow;
 And pay to Royal *George* their civil Vow.
 Their Pray'rs shall quench the Nation's spreading Fire
 Their Sermons loyal Sentiments inspire:
 And their Example turn away GOD's Ire.

Great Marlbro' thus, tho' only now a Shade,
 Does, from above, the Cause of Freedom plead;
 And to these Thoughts my roving Fancy led.
 Wherever he suppli'd the guiding Clue,
 I, eager, did the Labyrinths pursue,
 Flush'd with the Pleasures of a Theme so new!
 With me the Muse, aerial, upwards fled,
 And bare me to the Regions of the Dead,
 And told, presumptuous, what they did, and said.
 Smit with the Love of Freedom, I rehearse
 The sacred, hidden Mysteries in Verse.
 And if I shou'd promote bless'd Freedom's Cause,
 I have my End, nor will I court Applause.

Vide Their Address to the King, 1722.

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